

# Killing the Light

by AllyKat D

Category: Star Wars

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-11-28 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-11-28 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:13:57

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,872

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: In the grasp of violence and murder, a Padawan falls to the dark side.

## Killing the Light

**\*\*Killing the Light\*\*** By Allie Davidson (Copyright 1999)

Shakiri looked at her reflection in the mirror. She turned sideways and surveyed her silhouette, then smoothed out the material of her Jedi tunic and pants, making sure the bulge on the left side wasn't obvious.

\_Was it? Will he be able to tell? Will he be able to read my thoughts? Can he guess my intentions?\_

Shakiri often practiced shielding both her thoughts and emotions from her master, Ondi Eeara. It was difficult task, for he could read her well-after all they had spent nine years together-but lately her practice had begun to pay off. She had learned how to partition her thoughts, and allowed only selected thoughts to be read. Her master had been casting her perplexed frowns, an indication that she was shielding successfully.

\_Not that it would matter. Not now. Arrangements had been made and my mettle must be tested.\_

Licking the tip of one finger, she smoothed it carefully across each eyebrow, bit her lips to make them red, then arranged her tunic shirt so that the material dipped low across her chest. She pulled her long blonde braid over her right shoulder and silently, for the hundredth time, cursed the custom for human Padawans to cut off their hair leaving a braid and a short pony tail in back. It was a dumb custom. The haircut looked stupid and she missed her long hair. Maybe if her master saw her without her Padawan haircut, he would stop thinking of her as a daughter and protÃ©gÃ©.

\_It was too late for that now. Still, I can give him one final

chance.\_

The young woman left her bedroom. In the Jedi temple, the apartment that she shared with her master was dark and shadowed except for a small nightlight in the kitchen off to the left. She stood in the middle of the common room for a few moments and looked around, cataloging each small item, though there were few. Jedi possessed very little material items. That was another problem that would change very soon. She had come from a poor family and was sick of the spartan life.

\_No more!\_

Shakiri took a deep breath and smelled the faint scent that she had come to associate with him. It was time. \_Can I do it?\_ Excitement tingled along her nerve endings and aroused her, flushing her cheeks.

\_Yes!\_

Shakiri opened herself to the Force and found her master asleep in his room; she could tell his dreams were trouble, his mind was a jumble of restless thoughts and shifting ominous shadows. She touched the censor pad on the door, it slid open and she slipped in. Her master jerked awake, she could hear the rustled of the blankets.

"Shakiri?" he said quietly in the darkness.

"Yes, master, I am here." She came into the room and stopped, lacing her hands together and glancing once behind her at the door.

"What do you need, Padawan? It is late."

"I came to say that I am sorry," she said. Then crossed the room and sat down on the bed next to him and tried to keep from staring. A part of her wanted to get up and walk out, another part rallied her resolve.

\_Stay firm! He had to be the first. If love can't stop you, nothing can.\_

Ondi sat up in bed, reached over and touched the light sensor pad on a glow globe next to his bed. The dark skin of his chest, smooth and slightly furred, gleamed in the low light. The sight of him almost crumbled her determination. To quell the urge to stroke him she folded her hands in her lap and looked down at them, hiding the lust she knew would be plain in her expression

"My behavior was inappropriate this evening and I am still embarrassed."

"We've already spoke of this," he sat after a moment, then sighed and patted her knee. "We should not speak of it further."

\_Shield!\_ Shakiri reminded herself. \_Shield!\_

"You're right, master. I need to start over." On the outside, not a flicker of emotion marred her smooth, even features.

Ondi Eeara was Corellian. He had long shoulder length black hair that he kept queued back and his friendly hazel eyes crinkled at the corners when he smiled. That smile could set the most nervous delegation at ease. His friendly boyish face and honed body belied his middle years. He was all that a Jedi should be: kind, honorable and dedicated to the code.

And Shakiri loved him with all her being.

She fantasized about his honed naked body it until it became an obsession. She thought about his strong hands stroking her nude curves, his hands caressing her breasts and his mouth on hers. She thought about his face between her thighs, while his tongue pleased her and his long hair loose and tickling her skin. Every night, when alone in her room, she pleased herself, thinking of him inside her and when she came it was his name she cried. She reined in her thoughts, hoping that he had not caught them.

"Shakiri, it is not unusual for a Padawan to believe herself in love with her master." His smile was meant to assure her. "I might as well tell you that I have petitioned the high council for you to be tested. You are ready to become a Jedi Knight. And when you're on missions and when you take your own Padawan, you will understand that ours is a complication relationship."

\_Never!\_

"Master, it that your final decision? Are you not to consider me, even if I pass the trials?"

The Jedi sighed and rubbed a large hand over his face. "You are like my daughter, Shakiri and yes I do love you, but not in the way that you would wish. It is late," he said gently and covered her hands, laced in her lap with one of his. "Now go back to bed."

\_His smile is beautiful, and I will always remember him this way.\_

"I'm sorry," she whispered. She had hoped for a more mutually beneficial ending.

From out of a sheath hidden under her tunic she jerked out a knife. Before Ondi understood her intentions, before he could summon the Force, Shakiri straddled him and plunged it into his chest to the hilt, pushed and twisted.

Ondi cried out in surprise and pain.

Over and over she plunged the knife into his chest while she cried and screamed his name. "Stupid! It is your fault!" She raged at him, screamed that he made her do this, how it was all his fault.

Blood splattered her, the walls, the bed and blankets. The blood coated her hands, making them slippery, and it rained warm wet crimson drops on her face. Her tears mingled with the blood running down her face, turning rivulets pink, her sobs drowning out the sound of metal slicing deeply into flesh.

At first he tried to push her off, but she clamped her knees and thighs tight around him. He wrapped a hand around her throat and

squeezed.

Shakiri could barely breath, the edges of her vision darkened, but her hand as if possessed continued to stab the knife into him. His grip on her throat weakened and soon it fell limply to his side. She looked down at the dead body of her master and wiped the tears from her face, smearing blood across her cheeks. It was done. She had won. She had proved her worthiness.

A new life, a better life was in store for her. Freedom and wealth. She would have shared it with her master, but he would never agreed.

"Oh, master," she whispered close to his ear. The acrid smell of blood filled her nostrils, masking the familiar scent of him. "I forgive you." She bent and touched her lips to his and tasted his blood. His lips were still warm and for one moment she could imagine that he might have kissed her back.

Shakiri rose and stood over him for a moment. Hand tightening around the gore covered knife, she grasped her Padawan braid and cut it off, tossing it across him. She gazed at him for a long moment, then drew back the blankets, uncovering his nude body. Blood lay bright and glistening on his muscular brown skin

\_Beautiful even in death.\_

Pursing her lips, she spun on her heel, crossed the room and took his lightsaber from atop his Jedi master robes. This was rightly hers now. She went into the main room to the 'fresher and stripped off her blood splattered Padawan clothing and stepped into the shower, washing off the blood. Finished, she padded naked across their apartment and looked at the chrono on the wall. It was 2AM.

Back in her bedroom she drew out new clothes that she had kept secret from her master. They were new clothes to signify a new life. She had stolen small but valuable items from the temple and sold them to shady pawnshop dealers in the lower levels of Galactic City. They asked no questions and paid her fairly. She had hoarded the credits until she had a good stash. It was the only way for a Jedi to get money.

The clothes were made from nerf leather and were tight and dyed black. Her black boots came to her knees. She buckled a holster belt around her waist and slipped a BlasTech DL-44 Blaster Pistol into the holster and secured it to her thigh with a nerf leather tie. A Dresselian projectile rifle went into behind her back into a shoulder sheath.

Shakiri held up her master's lightsaber and smiled. She thought she might feel remorse, yet she felt only relief that it was over and that she had past the test. In her new line of work, remorse and guilt played no part.

And she felt none.

This lightsaber would be her first trophy. Its presence would cement her reputation and after that, she would have no problem securing assignments. She clipped it onto her belt. Next, she took a handheld holocommunicator out of a drawer, thumbed it on and pressed in a

series of codes and numbers.

"I have been waiting for you," said the robed figure that appeared over the small holo-projection platform. His voice was smooth, cultured and slightly accented. She could not see his face, only the shadow of a nose and his cleft chin.

"I am ready," she told him.

"Did you kill him?"

"Yes," she replied and gestured to the lightsaber on her belt.

"Excellent, my dear," he replied, voice pleased and his smile was avuncular, but his demeanor gave her a chill. "And now, in two days time Prince Dalibor will become King of Naboo. Kill him."

\_A king!\_ Perfect for her next assignment. "Consider it done, my lord. And my payment?"

"As agreed, in lieu of usual payment, your ship, a Surronian Conqueror, awaits you at Galactic City's east docking platforms." The holo image of the robed man disappeared.

< Shakiri slipped the communicator into a knapsack and left the room without a backwards glance. \_Forward, always forward,\_ she told herself.

End

End  
file.